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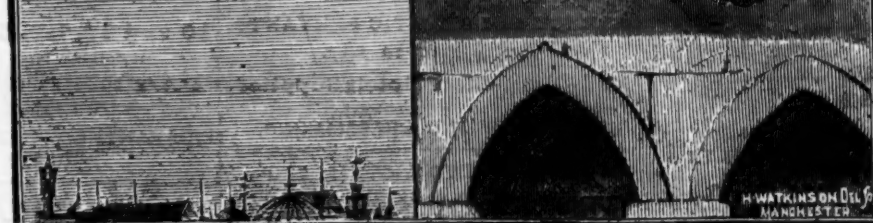


VOL. I.
No. 13.

CITY

February 11,
1876.

JACKDAW



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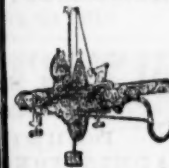
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Cottage Clocks	from 4/6
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Proprietors, the Theatre Royal Company, Manchester, Limited. Manager, Mr. SIDNEY.

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GRAND ROYAL PANTOMIME,
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BEAUTY AND THE BEAST;
Or, HARLEQUIN PRINCE AZOR
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GOOD FAIRY OF THE WEDDING RING.
Written Expressly for this Theatre by H. B. FARNIE,
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BEAUTY'S BOWER OF GOLDEN FLOWERS.
Doors open to Upper Circle, Pit, and Galleries at 6;
Private Boxes, Stalls, and Lower Circle Stalls at 6.30;
and the curtain will rise precisely at 7 o'clock. Second
prices at 7. Carriages at 10.15.—New Stall door of exit
now open.

For MORNING PERFORMANCES see Daily Papers.
CHILDREN (UNDER 12 YEARS) HALF PRICE TO THE
MORNING PERFORMANCES TILL TWO.
Box Office open daily from eleven till four.

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SPECIAL MORNING PERFORMANCE,
For the BENEFIT of the MEDICAL CHARITIES of
Manchester and Salford.

Mr. Sidney begs to announce that (by permission of the
Directors) an ANNUAL BENEFIT will be given in aid
of the above Charities, the first of which will take place
On TUESDAY MORNING, Feb. 15, at Two o'clock,
On which occasion the Members of the Company and
the Orchestra will give their services gratuitously.
Box Plan now Open.

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For the use of Plimpton's Patent Skate, same as
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ADMISSION, ONE SHILLING.
HIRE OF SKATES, SIXPENCE.

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WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, 2s. 6d. (including skates).

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Wholesale at 8, CANNON-ST., MANCHESTER.
Retail by most Grocers, Druggists, &c.
In Bottles at 6d., 4d., 6d., and 1s.

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JOHN O'BRIEN,

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HIS STOCK OF BILLIARD TABLES, which is
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Maker of the IMPROVED FAST CUSHION, that
will never become hard.

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AGENCY for DOMESTIC SERVANTS.

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THE LICENSED VICTUALLERS'

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FREE TRADE HALL,

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Licensed Victuallers' Ball Tickets: Gentlemen's, 12s.,
and Ladies' 8s. each.
GEORGE CANDELET, Secretary.

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CHEVIOT SUITS FROM £3. 3s.

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FOR STYLE AND ECONOMY,

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10 and 12, HILTON STREET,

RESPECTFULLY INVITE INSPECTION OF THEIR

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GUARANTEED THE FASTEST AND
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CLAIM PREFERENCE
Over every other. They are the only
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BAYNES, Successor to HUSBAND'S

IMPORTANT TO WHISKY CONNOISSEURS.

The **FINEST SCOTCH WHISKY** in England is the

"CAIRNGORM,"

WHICH FOR STRENGTH, PURITY, AND EXQUISITE AROMA STANDS UNRIVALLED.

To Scotchmen, and those to whom Whisky is a favourite beverage, the above-named magnificent spirit must commend itself as the finest specimen of Scottish Malt ever imported into this country, and is entirely free from that smoky flavour which is so objectionable to many.

The Importers, **Messrs. HENDERSON & JONES**, would also call attention to the fact, that the medical faculty are recommending and prescribing pure Scotch Whisky in lieu of French Brandy as a stimulant for invalids, for which purpose the "CAIRNGORM" cannot be excelled.

Sample Bottles, at 8s. 6d. each, may be obtained at the Stores, **Macdonald's Buildings, Macdonald's Lane, 35, Corporation Street, Manchester**, where orders are received for cases containing from one gallon upwards. May be had from all respectable Licensed Grocers.

EXPIRATION OF LEASE.

BEVINS & CO.,

TOBACCO MERCHANTS, &C.,

REMOVED from 73, Market-St., to Old Premises, No. 67,

A FEW DOORS LOWER DOWN.

VALENTINES! VALENTINES!!

A LARGE ASSORTMENT

AT STRONG'S, 84, MARKET STREET.

SAMUEL M. STRONG,

ACCOUNT BOOK MAKER AND COMMERCIAL STATIONER.

PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

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VALENTINES! VALENTINES! VALENTINES!

Rimmel's and other Makers' Perfumed, Useful, and Ornamental

V A L E N T I N E S,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

At J. BOHANNA'S, 98, Market Street, Manchester.

MANCHESTER BOROUGH ELECTION.

FEBRUARY, 1876.

The COMMITTEE for conducting the Election of Mr. JACOB BRIGHT
MEETS DAILY at the Central Committee Rooms, 10, St. James's Square.

R. N. PHILIPS, Esq., M.P., CHAIRMAN.

VICE-CHAIRMEN:

Sir THOMAS BAZLEY, M.P.
BENJ. WHITWORTH, Esq., M.P.
Sir ELKANAH ARMITAGE,
Sir JAMES WATTS,
Sir JOSEPH WHITWORTH,
THOMAS ASHTON, Esq.,
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ROBERT LEAKE, Esq.,
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H. M. STEINTHAL, Esq., Treasurer.

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W. J. POPPLEWELL, Election Agent.

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Central Committee Rooms, 10, St. James's Square.

TWO YEARS' BAD WORK.

THE CONSERVATIVE GOVERNMENT HAVE IN TWO YEARS—

Increased The Expenditure!
Harassed The Post Office!
Refused Liberty To The Slave!
Renewed Army Purchase!
Reduced Standard Of Education!
Abolished Competitive Examination!
Disgraced The Navy!
Vexed The Farmers!
Disappointed The Publicans!
Condemned Subordinates Of The Vanguard!
Whitewashed The Admiral!
Ignored The Sailors!
Revived Snug Sinecures!
Made Laws Which Are Ignored!
Vexed The Scotch!
Annoyed The Irish!
Opposed The Welsh!
Disappointed And Insulted The English!

MR. POWELL'S VOTES IN THE HOUSE.

On the 7th March, 1866, Mr. Sharpe Powell voted AGAINST THE ABOLITION OF THE CHURCH RATES. On the 26th April, 1866, Mr. Powell voted against a moderate mitigation of that indecent and unrighteous Act of Parliament which exposes female virtue, on suspicion, to outrage and to examination. In April, 1866, Mr. Powell voted with Lord Grosvenor and with others in order TO DEFEAT THE REFORM BILL of Mr. Gladstone. On the 17th July, 1866, Mr. Powell voted AGAINST Mr. Berkeley on THE BALLOT. In March, 1867 (he seems to have a particular affection for Church Rates), he voted against the abolition of Church Rates; and on the 24th July, 1866, he voted against the third reading and the final passing of the bill. On the 15th March, 1867, and again on the 28th, he VOTED IN FAVOUR OF FLOGGING IN THE ARMY, and he voted for a clause enabling military authorities to take hold of a man who had been guilty of some minor, or it might be major, military offence, and with gunpowder, or by some other process, to put letters upon his breast or arm, which would indelibly mark the indiscretion he had committed. THIS was almost the LAST VOTE recorded by Mr. Powell.

MR. JACOB BRIGHT ON THE AMNESTY QUESTION.

"For instance, the Irish were anxious with regard to the release of certain prisoners. He did not think it was an unreasonable thing that they should have that anxiety. Their release depended of course upon the action of the Crown. If the Crown was determined to set those prisoners free, he for one should be glad. His feeling was that punishment should be employed to deter and not for vengeance. The circumstances of Ireland since the unhappy events in which those prisoners were engaged were wholly changed. Great Acts of Parliament had been passed which had enriched the country and which had made society more safe there, and it appeared to him from all that he could see of Irish public men—and he had been intimately acquainted with many of them in the House of Commons—that whatever be their political aspirations, whatever they now sought for, there was no disposition now to attain these objects except by constitutional means. That great change having taken place, he for one, if the Crown should be pleased to set those prisoners at liberty, should rejoice with his Irish fellow-citizens."

MR. POWELL SITTING UP ALL NIGHT TO VOTE FOR THE IMPRISONMENT OF WORKING MEN.

On the 30th of July, 1873, at five o'clock in the morning, the House of Commons divided on the continuance of the Masters' and Servants' Act, now described by Mr. F. S. Powell as "most wicked, most tyrannical, and most degrading."

Seventy-seven Members were present, and Mr. F. S. POWELL VOTED FOR ITS CONTINUANCE. Mr. JACOB BRIGHT was one of the tellers FOR REPEAL.

These are facts from the official records of the House of Commons.

Working Men, who is your True Friend?

LIBERALS OF SALFORD!
A VICTORY IN MANCHESTER
MEANS A
VICTORY FOR US!
WORK FOR BRIGHT!

THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. I.—No. 13.]

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1876.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE CONTEST AT BURNLEY.

[BY OUR OWN MAN OUT OF TOWN.]

BURNLEY in its normal condition is a quiet, plodding place, with nothing to enliven it except clogs and fogs; but Burnley during a contested election is lively to the heart. It is still a young constituency—too young to take its election as a Scotchman takes toddy; but the excitement provoked by the present and previous political battles is not altogether the outsprig of novelty. It is due in a great measure to the intellectual composition of the enfranchised. The majority of the electors are sturdy, keen, self-sacrificing politicians; men made of the same stuff as the Peterloo victims, and who have never swerved in their loyalty to their Liberal principles. The constituency is not merely a Liberal one. It is Radical—Radical to the backbone. And of this fact the Tories have now become convinced, although they still contest the seat, hoping by persistent struggling to reduce the majority against them, and in the distant future reap a reward in the return of one of their party. If one may judge, however, from present appearances, that event is a long way off. Victory has not made the Liberals apathetic here; on the contrary, they have never taken off their armour, but have always been on the alert to defend the possession they have won. At the present time, it may safely be asserted that they are completely united. Not the faintest whisper of discord is to be heard in their ranks, although they are by no means the men to follow blindly their leaders. Firm of conviction, and taking a comprehensive, intelligent view of history and current topics, they create their own leaders, and would scorn to support a man who is not to the full as sound, as pure, and as thorough as themselves. Than Mr. Peter Rylands no other man could have been chosen more fitted to represent them; and their appreciation of him has been shown in the most impressive manner. Elections are not won by public meetings; but there is that in the crowds who have welcomed Mr. Rylands whenever he has appeared, which carries conviction to the mind of the spectator that defeat cannot overtake them. They look like men who are winning, and they act like men who mean to win. Mr. Rylands has been surrounded with enthusiasm of an intense nature. His supporters have almost idolised him; at first for the cause he represents, afterwards for his own manly, and frank, and earnest self; and then, later still, because of the unscrupulous attempts which have been made to injure him. It must not be supposed that there is not a strong Tory following in the borough. There is. There is such a following that the Conservatives would have been blamable if they had not fought every election which has taken place in it; but the conviction gains ground that they will be so soundly beaten this time that Mr. Rylands will remain in undisputed possession of the seat as long as he chooses to retain it. And of this the Tories seem themselves to be cognisant, for none but a waning cause requires such tactics as they have stooped to. It is probably the hopelessness of their hope which has driven them to forsake the lines of gentlemanly conduct. Their meetings, too, have smacked of the secret depression under which they are doing battle; the very song they chose to work up the enthusiasm of their gatherings was significant in its want of spirit. "Hold the Fort" may be, and is, a capital hymn-tune, and it may also be appropriate in its slowness to the party; but it cannot be compared to the stimulating and stirring strains of "Trump! Trump! Trump!" which was confiscated, and is lustily sung at every meeting, by the Liberals. But, be his cause never so weak, Mr. Lindsay has been very ill-advised in descending to the meanness which

has permeated his speeches, and in lending himself to the dishonesty which has characterised the action of his party from the beginning of the contest. It is scarcely consistent with the dignity of the family he boasts of representing to be constantly shouting "liar" to his opponent. Even if Mr. Rylands did not speak the truth, there is an alternative epithet which is the more generally used by gentlemen; but when it is misapplied there are few greater offences. The epithet in this matter does not rest with Mr. Rylands, wherever else it may find its application. Amongst the multitude of charges that have been hurled at him, not the nearest semblance of a lie has been brought home, nor has he been convicted of a single misstatement. It has been the writer's privilege to hear nearly every address delivered during the contest by Mr. Rylands, and most emphatically he asserts—sweeping though the assertion be—that there is not even the shadow of a foundation for any one of the charges brought against him. It is true that there has been falsehood in plenty in the course of the contest; of unfairness there has been oceans; slanders have filled the air; the walls have shouted abuse; despicable conduct and unworthy actions have been lavishly employed; but of these Mr. Rylands and his party are perfectly innocent. When next Mr. Lindsay goes to that Church of which he professes to be such a devoted supporter, he will probably find that some of the commandments sound unpleasant; and when he comes to look calmly upon the events of the election, there is no doubt that he will feel the burning shame which his friends already feel for him.

THE ELECTION: MANCHESTER BETTING.

THE Mayor is open to bet his gold chain against a bundle of R. N. Philip's smallware goods that his worship dare not vote for Mr. Powell.

Sir Joseph will wager two winks against a hay-seed that Alderman Bennett doesn't know which way to vote.

Mr. Fox Turner will bet seven to one that they won't take his vote at the ballot-booth, if he holds up his hand for Bright.

Mr. Jacob Bright will bet 100 to six that his opponent can't vote for himself.

Mr. Powell will bet his chances for being asked to stand for Cambridge again against his return for Manchester.

Mr. R. T. Walker bets that his vote now, as ex-councillor, is as good as that of any man in the Council—Councillor Brown included.

HOSPITAL SUNDAY.

AS Sunday next is fixed for the annual collections in our churches and chapels in aid of the Manchester and Salford charities, the Rev. John Henn, the secretary to the fund, has issued directions in the way of a guide as to the proportions which members of congregations should give. He knowingly remarks that people who take advantage of the charities ought to subscribe, on the ground that it's better to give than to receive. This hint will, no doubt, be most acceptable to the working classes generally. He thinks that consumers of tobacco ought to put themselves on short commons, and, at any rate, might spare—a quid each. People in well-to-do circumstances might give, at least, £100. This could be done in the shape of accommodation bills—that is, bills for improving the accommodation in the hospitals. Anybody who desires to give specially to the Eye Hospital, might hand over a bill payable at sight. Mites are not to be given, on any consideration, by cheesemongers.

E. JAMIESON & Co., FASHIONABLE TAILORS, Real SCOTCH Tweed SUITS from £2,—275, CHAPEL STREET, SALFORD.

WHO WOULD JOHN WESLEY HAVE VOTED FOR?

DEAR MR. JACKDAW,—I feel it incumbent upon me to reply, through the medium of your columns, to the observations of my good friend, Mr. Richard Haworth, relative to the remarks I made in support of Mr. Jacob Bright's candidature, last week. He said, at Hulme Town Hall, "I always understood that the Wesleyans were a religious and not a political body." Sir, I have been a politician all my life, but until the present election I never mixed up my politics with my religion. But who is to blame now for my doing so? Let facts speak for themselves. The second Sunday after the vacancy occurred in Manchester, I was seated comfortably, and, I hope, reverently, in my pew at the good old Wesleyan Chapel, in Oldham Street, when I saw our pew-keeper glide stealthily, in the middle of the service, to the side of Mr. Haworth's pew, which was immediately in front of me. A whispered conversation passed between them, and Mr. Haworth rushed hurriedly out of the chapel, rubbing his hands in evident alarm. I thought his mills must be on fire, and, Wesleyan like, I followed him out to give him the benefit of my consolation, and, if necessary, of my assistance. Imagine my consternation when I found him talking to Mr. J. W. Maclure, and heard the latter gentleman say, "You must stand, we can't get anybody else. There's a meeting going on now at the Conservative Club, and if you don't come down there quietly, I'm blow'd if I don't bring a deputation up here." Both gentlemen then entered a cab, and I re-entered the chapel. Can you wonder, after this, that I mixed up my religion with my politics, and have done so ever since? May I put a question to Mr. Haworth? Who would John Wesley have voted for now, had he been living?—Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM HOLLAND,
alias BILL DUTCHMAN, J.P.

RUDIMENTS OF LOCAL GRAMMAR.

[BY OUR OWN GRAMMARIAN.]

ON THE USE OF STOPS.

AN acquaintance with a knowledge of this part of grammar is very essential, because without it many phrases would be unintelligible, or at least would not convey the meaning in the mind of the person composing those phrases. Let us take first, as the least difficult to understand, though the most useful, the

FULL STOP, OR PERIOD.

This puts an end to a sentence, and a new one must be commenced before the conversation is resumed—as "Will you vote for Powell?" "No I won't." (Full stop, or period.) The next stop in point of consequence is

THE SEMICOLON.

This implies a certain amount of hesitation, and may be called a supplementary stop, as "I won't vote for Bright; you see he's a Radical; and besides he has too many crochets." "I don't like Stanway Jackson's orations; he always speaks as if he was addressing a Methodist audience." "The Liberals will not carry the election; the Tories are too strong for them," &c. We next arrive at

THE COLON,

which is an amplification of the semicolon, and is generally used to give a display to some sentiment or expression. It is also very often used to precede a quotation. Examples:—"Jacob Bright is doing his best to conciliate the Irish: but without success." "He pities all prisoners: he won't, however, vote for the release of the Fenians." "Mr. Powell does not approve of intemperance: far from it, but he won't vote for coercive measures." "Jacob Bright: healthy homes for the people: female suffrage: no tyranny:" &c., &c. "Powell: the constitutional candidate: no humbug:" &c., &c. Next comes

THE COMMA,

the importance of which cannot be exaggerated, as will be seen from examples below: "The Home Rulers are fools who will not vote for

Jacob Bright (or for Powell as the case may be). Here the introduction of a comma after the word fools would change the whole drift of the sentence, which would then read, the Home Rulers are fools (comma), who will not vote for whoever it may be, meaning that they are fools because, &c., &c.

THE NOTE OF INTERROGATION

asks a question, as, "Who is F. S. Powell, Esq.?" "Will Manchester consent to be represented by a crotchety Radical?" "What has Jacob Bright ever done for the people?" &c., &c.

NOTE OF EXCLAMATION.

This expresses some emotion of the mind, or some rhetorical effect, as, "Vote for Jacob and contagious diseases!" "Liberals! rally round your representative!" "Haste to the poll and record your votes for Powell and beer!" "True blue for ever!" "Liberals! the eyes of England are upon you!" &c., &c.

HINTS ON MAKING POETRY.

[BY OUR OWN POET.]

MORE election poetry this week. Everybody seems to be going mad about this election; even the daily papers now do not contain a line of readable stuff. One daily, last week, contained only some advertisements, a leading article, an election speech, and a wind and weather report. This man has sent an election song for the Liberals. We had no space for it last week:—

Air: "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."

When Jacob comes marching, marching in, hurrah!
For Jacob's the boy who's sure to win, hurrah!
We'll buy our beef at sixpence a pound,
And bury Dissenters in holy ground,
And we won't get drunk when Jacob comes marching in.

Good homes there will be for the working classes then, hurrah!
And all of the women will act like men, hurrah!
And we'll turn the country upside down,
Abolish the peerage and scuttle the crown,
So we'll all feel glad when Jacob comes marching in.

All labouring men will have votes to sell, hurrah!
When Jacob is able his views to tell, hurrah!
The down-trodden classes he'll lift from the mire,
And he'll end by setting the Thames on fire,
And we'll all feel glad when Jacob comes marching in.

There is a lot more of it, but it is not a very interesting poem. The following extract speaks for itself; it comes in a lady's handwriting.*

* We cannot allow this.—Ed.

THEATRE ROYAL.

JUDGING by the great approval with which the "second edition" of "Beauty and the Beast" is received, we should say that the Theatre Royal might advantageously keep the pantomime running for a long time yet. The additions made to the original production, though not very numerous, are quite sufficient to induce large numbers of people to pay a second visit. There is a good deal of fresh scenery, the dresses have been renewed and remodelled, and the music has been changed. One very apt and clever scene has been introduced, representing the reception of a fugitive slave on what is supposed for the nonce to be one of Her Majesty's ships. This causes immense merriment, and the bits of somewhat extravagant satire on the famous, or, as the Radicals say, "infamous" instructions, have an excessively telling effect. A new and brilliant transformation scene, called "Beauty's Bower of Golden Flowers," takes the place of the "Crocus Glade." This is the work of Mr. William Drew, and is a tasteful production. The only change of *caste* which we notice is that a part has been found for Miss Madge Stavart, who was recently playing *Arthur* at the Queen's. This lady's vivacity, though occasionally there is too much of it, is always useful in pantomime.

MESSRS. BERGER AND GORDON AT REHEARSAL.



SCENE I.—Messrs. TOUCHSTONE and ALEXANDER conversing.

Mr. Alexander. Well, now Touchstone, since we've arranged about abating the profits, couldn't we get our men to have a quiet rehearsal, so that there should be no hitch?

Mr. Touchstone. Oh, certainly; a capital idea. How shall we manage it?

Mr. Alexander. We two will act as referees, and it shall be in your office.

Mr. Touchstone. As you like. I'll see about arranging it.

SCENE II.—Office in St. Ann's Square. Present: Rev. T. T. BERGER, Mr. J. H. GORDON, Messrs. TOUCHSTONE and ALEXANDER. The door carefully closed.

Mr. Touchstone [to Mr. Alexander]. Well, now, I think our men are ready.

Mr. Alexander. Let the discussion begin.

Mr. J. H. Gordon [to Mr. Berger]. Before we begin the regular business, there is an observation which I wish to make. I am described on the bills as Mr. J. H. Gordon —

Mr. Berger. Well?

Mr. Gordon. I protest against it, that's all; while you are called "Rev."

Mr. Berger. Perhaps you would like to be called "B.A." too, like me?

Mr. Gordon. The parallel does not hold. I do not wish for titles to which —

Mr. Berger. And I assert that no persons who are not ordained members of the Church of England have a right to be called "Rev."

Mr. Alexander. Gentlemen, time is precious; is not this irrelevant?

Mr. Berger. It is not. The National Church —

Mr. Gordon [excitedly]. There is no such thing as the National Church.

Mr. Berger. The revenues of the Church —

Mr. Gordon. Are national property.

Mr. Berger. Sir, don't interrupt. I was going to observe ["Go it, Berger," from Mr. Touchstone]. I was about to —

Mr. Gordon [defiantly]. The very meaning of the expression National Church is that the revenues are the property of the nation.

Mr. Berger. Of the Church!

Mr. Gordon. Of the nation. But it's no use talking to a —

Mr. Berger. What?

Mr. Gordon. To a B. A.

Mr. Berger. Sir, you are offensive.

Mr. Gordon. No more than yourself.

Mr. Touchstone [to the disputants]. Gentlemen, gentlemen, remember your cloth! For heaven's sake! [to Mr. Alexander] we must interfere; he's got his head in chancery. [Rush to separate the combatants.]

SCENE III.—Mr. BERGER discovered holding beefsteak to his eye. Mr. GORDON with bloody nose, also black eye; confusion in the room.

Mr. Alexander. Come now, thank heaven that's over. But what can we do? They won't either of them be able to put in an appearance.

Mr. Berger. And I shall go back to Bolton with a black eye.

Mr. Gordon [sotto voce]. And with a flea in your ear.

Mr. Alexander. Come now, let's make peace, and concoct an advertisement to send to the papers. [They put their heads together].

Mr. Berger. Oh, my eye!

Mr. Touchstone. Get another envelope, this is all bloody.

N.B. The following appeared in the *Examiner* and *Courier* of Monday last:—

CHURCH AND STATE.—THE PUBLIC DISCUSSION is unavoidably POSTPONED; timely notice of the future dates will be given, and all tickets already taken will be then available.
J. F. ALEXANDER.
W. TOUCHSTONE.

REPRESENTATION OF MANCHESTER.

Manchester Courier, Feb. 7, 1876.

Stalybridge News, Feb. 25, 1871.

Mr. POWELL said:—I believe, being myself, as I said, a friend of temperance, that our plan is to use every moral influence, to do all that we can to amend the habits of the people, and by every means in our power to increase the number of six day licences as distinguished from seven day licences taken out by the publicans. I believe if we act in that line the publicans will more and more sympathise with it, and we shall find public-houses in these crowded districts largely closed on the Sabbath Day, and that peace and order abound which we desire should prevail.—*Speech delivered at Manchester, Feb. 5, 1876, to Deputation on Sunday Closing.*

Mr. POWELL said:—I confess it is a pleasure to me, not a grief, to see the neatly-dressed children of the working-men going out on Sunday, about one o'clock, to bring a jug of family beer for the Sunday dinner. I do not care whether it is Bass's pale ale, or the ale of the best brewer in the district; but I say, let it be good and sound, and let it be paid for at the time, and then I wish devoutly God's blessing on that family gathering.—*Speech delivered at Dukinfield Church School Rooms, Feb. 22, 1871.*

HESITATION.

[BY A DUBIOUS ONE.]



WILL no one tell me how I ought
My privilege to use?

To understand I've vainly sought
The different party views,

I do not care at all about
The questions of the day;

But it would be a sin, no doubt,
To throw my vote away.

To waste a thing is not my way,
And so I'd like to know—

Will none be kind enough to say—
Which way I ought to go?

It is not necessary that
A man should understand

Exactly what the Rads are at,
Or what the Tory band.

They are, as far as I can see,
Both very much the same;

I feel inclined to let them be
To play their little game.

But then the thought will still occur,
Repress it as I may,

I should be foolish if I were
To throw my vote away.

I do not wish to waste my vote,
'Twould be a sinful shame;

This sentiment before I wrote,
But still—it's all the same.

I say, and stick to what I say,
And beg your kind advice,

I will not throw my vote away,
I'd rather give it twice.

I'm glad that I have only one,
What should I do with six?

There certainly would be no fun
In such a dreadful fix.

But now the thought occurs to me,
A thought I now will note,

I've vexed my soul most needlessly,
I haven't got a vote.

CONUNDRUMS WHICH WE DON'T INTEND TO ANSWER.

Why would Mr. Powell, in a political sense, if he was thrown repeatedly out of a window, be like a cat?

Why would Jacob Bright, if he was a flour dealer, be compelled to wear a white hat?

Why is J. W. Maclure like the man in the moon, when you can't see him?

Why are Conservative voters like a flock of sheep following their leader?

Why is Dr. Pankhurst like a calf with a ring through his nose?

Why are the Home Rulers like the dog in the manger?

Why is Captain Kirwan the wildest Irishman that lives in Victoria Park?



WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT Mr. Powell, as a Ritualist, entertains very strong views about turning to the yeast.

That that accounts for a parson preaching a sermon to him, on Sunday, from the text "There's barn in Gilead."

That Mr. J. W. Maclure, who is a most inveterate punster, remarked that there was deuced little barn in the Gill-he-had after the sermon.

That the parson replied, "It text two to find it out."

That the bricklayers of Manchester are all betting on Mr. Jacob Bright, as they're fond of taking the hods.

That when the organist played "See the conquering hero," on Mr. Powell's appearance at the Conservative meeting, at the Free Trade Hall, the hero whispered to Mr. Maclure, "Is that a barrel organ?"

That Councillor J. A. Birch, on asserting that Jacob Bright, as compared to his brother, was a pigmy to a colossus, was startled by Mr. Croston's "pigmy up."

That all the Tories at the meeting were gloriously tight-packed; in fact, some of them would have preferred to be inside a barrel.

That Mr. Powell is in favour of taking off the tax on sticking-plaster for Irish broken heads—Home Rulers particularly considered.

That he doesn't mind sticking to anything, so long as he gets a seat in Parliament.

That the Liberals are going in for cheap meat, in the hope that they'll get a larger steak in the country.

That if Jacob gets in on this cry, the Conservatives will be tremendously chop-fallen.

That Dan Lee Stutter-ed—we beg his pardon, stammered—fearfully while somebody dictated to him his letter to the Catholics.

That the only Blue Rose in Manchester is one T Rose, which has its roots about St. Ann's Churchyard.

That Mr. Stanway Jackson's speech at the Free Trade Hall, last week, was a little flowery.

That he startled his hearers by invoking the aid of Liberal Jews from Heaven: as it is generally supposed in Manchester that their *habitat* is at Cheat'em Hill.

MESSRS. ROYLE AND MACLURE'S LAMENT.

Both [log]. OYEZ, oyez! sad is the tale
We two have now to tell;
The Reds have all the yellows got,
And we've got F. Powell.

Thrice curséd be that fatal day,
On which our fortunes fell;
And curséd be that fit of blues
Which brought here F. Powell.

Oh, Fuller Francis, do come here,
And cook another sell;
Just pocket all the red dy cash,
And dish up F. Powell.

Mac. [log]. Oh, would I were a humble bee!
And could some honey spell:
To Jericho I'd quickly send
That "wandering Jew," Powell.

Royle [log]. Oh, would that I had quantum suff!
You shouldn't do the swell;
Myself would be the Bright blue pill
To clear out F. Powell.

Mac. [log]. Oh, would I were a nabob now,
I'd leave the narrow cell;

Royle [log]. You'd better stay just where you are,
'Tis I or F. Powell.

Mac. [log]. Ah, Peter! you are not "The Rock"
On which our Church must dwell;
It wants a good broad man like me,
Not you, nor F. Powell.

Royle [log]. Bah! Mac: you've got your liver wrong;
Just take some calomel,
And orange whine would mend the tone
Of that F sharp Powell.

Both [log]. Well, well, we "baith mann bide a wee,"
And save some d. s. £;
Then hand in hand we both will stand
Against F. S. Powell.

For twenty bob the ringers will
Like blazes ring his knell;
We'll have a feed at Manley Hall,
And soon forget Powell.

THE RITUALISTIC BONE AND THE TOOTHLESS CATHOLIC WATCH-DOG.



MR. DAN LEE, whose unfortunate illness has withdrawn him very much of late from the active arena of politics, and out of sympathy with his Catholic fellow-citizens, has nevertheless eagerly swallowed the Ritualistic bone which the Tory wire-pullers have offered to him and the select and diminishing circle which accepts the dictation of his learned and loquacious clerk. The suspected abortive intrigue of the extreme High Church party with Cardinal Manning has been repeated in Manchester on a small scale, and with, we have reason to believe, a slender amount of success. Mr. Powell, however, seems half afraid of the eagerness with which his transparent juggling feat has been received, and recoils half aghast at the welcoming bark with which his advances have been met. He fears the letting loose of Tear'em at his heels.

ELEGANT AND USEFUL VALENTINES AT KENNETH'S, 85, MARKET STREET, 85.

CATECHISING THE CANDIDATES.

MR. POWELL.

Protestant Parishioner. Are you a Ritualist?*Mr. Powell.* No. Don't you see that Mr. W. H. Houldsworth, whom you turned out of the churchwardenship at the Cathedral, is supporting me?*Protestant Parishioner.* But the *Rock* says you are, and that the word "Protestant" would choke you off at a spelling bee.*Mr. Powell.* Ah! I have taken lessons from Maclure since then; and you may believe me that the statement of the *Rock* is based upon sand.*An Ulster Orangeman.* Now thin, misthur, an' I belave there's a Dale o' truth in it all the same, but we'll work for you like slaves.*A Catholic Elector.* Will you vote for the extension of the English Education Act to ould Oireland?*Mr. Powell.* Well, you see there are differences. It would be all very fine for you, no doubt, in Dublin, to be having twelve Catholics and only three Protestants on the School Board —*Catholic Elector.* But that is what you have here in Manchester—twelve Protestants and only three Catholics.*Mr. Powell.* Well, that's an entirely different question.*An Irish Protestant.* Will you give us household suffrage, as in England?*Mr. Powell.* I will not. The fact is we have not yet educated our party in Ireland up to that standard.*A Galway Election Petitioner.* Do you approve of Lord O'Hagan's jury system?*Mr. Powell.* I scarcely do. You see, when you have got the finest pisanthry on the jury, they always go against the Crown, and in favour of the bishops and priests. Lord O'Hagan's bill was a Liberal dodge.*A Home Ruler.* Will you grant an amnesty to the political prisoners?*Mr. Powell.* Not at all. I will see you all condemned first.*Temperance Advocate.* Are you in favour of Sunday closing of public-houses?*Mr. Powell.* In Ireland? Certainly.*Temperance Advocate.* And in England?*Mr. Powell.* By no means. That may be good enough for sour Presbyterian Scotchmen and bigoted Irish Catholics, but for the manly and free and independent members of the Church of England the public-house is as indispensable as the church. No sight is more lovely in my eyes than that of a neatly-dressed Sunday scholar calling on her way to school at the nearest public-house with the jug her loving father has emptied of beer before he has begun to larrup her mother or sink to his well-earned repose upon the family sofa. May the blessing of —*Rev. Jim Crow East.* Oh! that's enough. We'll vote for you to a man.*A Loyal Irishman.* Are you in favour of Home Rule for Ireland?*Mr. Powell.* I am not. You don't suppose that the Irish are fit to govern themselves!*Chorus of Home Rulers and Amnesty Men.* Then we will vote for you!*A Stretford Lodger.* Would you extend the household franchise to the counties?*Mr. Powell.* I would not. If you are permitted to squat on the land, that is good enough for you, and the county families will attend to your political interests. Besides, the only people in the counties who haven't got votes are benighted agricultural labourers and poor Wesleyans, who are not yet educated up to Toryism.*A Wesleyan Methodist.* Do you favour the doctrine of repudiation?*Mr. Powell.* Well, if the election goes against me, and Wesleyans have not acted according to my expectations, why should I keep my promises to them? especially if they are my own townspeople at Wigan—an ungrateful lot.*Messrs. Haworth & Co. [going off dancing.]* Then we will vote for you!*An Elector of St. John's Ward.* Will you go for cheap beef and plenty of it?*Mr. Powell.* Not likely; that would cheapen the rents of my green fields.*Mr. Maclure.* Do you think you will go by Parliamentary train to St. Stephen's?*Mr. Powell [aside].* Well, privately, I took the precaution to purchase a monthly return ticket to Bradford.*Chorus of Electors.* Then we shall send you there!*[The political Autolytus departs singing "Your sad tires in a mile-a."]*

MR. BRIGHT.

Mr. Charley, M.P. Will you vote for women's suffrage?*Mr. Bright.* If household suffrage is the basis of the franchise, I would give the franchise to all householders.*Mr. Charley.* Are you then in favour of women sitting in Parliament?*Mr. Bright.* Well, no; though upon my word I don't think they would do more harm in St. Stephen's than some old women who are there already.*Mr. Charley.* Come, now, don't be personal. Both of us, you know, owe a good deal to the ladies.*Clergyman of the Church of England.* Would you vote for the repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts?*Mr. Bright.* I would.*Clergyman.* Don't you think that is a "crotchet?"*Mr. Bright.* Yes; it is one which I share with the Bishop of Lichfield.*A New Cross Elector.* Would you go in for a redistribution of seats.*Mr. Bright.* Yes; I think Manchester is entitled, by virtue of its population and intelligence, to send a dozen members to Parliament, and New Cross should send two.*A Man from St. Michael's.* And what about us?*Mr. Bright.* Well, ditto to New Cross.*24,000 Excited Electors.* Then we shan't vote for you, because we'd have to send Councillor Brown to Parliament.*A Wild Orangeman.* Would you disestablish the Church?*Mr. Bright.* I am in no hurry about that. I will leave you and the Ritualists to fight it out, with Mr. Powell as an impartial arbitrator.*A Ritualist.* And would you bury us with Dissenters and Roman Catholics?*Mr. Bright.* Certainly not. They are of a different flesh and blood. I shall endeavour to secure for you a select corner in Paradise!*A Vegetarian.* Could you procure us a cheap substitute for vegetable duck?*Mr. Bright.* I would, indeed, my winsome marrow! I should free the import of foreign cattle from undue restrictions, and let chops and steaks fight it out with turnips and carrots in the open market, in the hope that they would reach an amicable settlement, and agree to stew well together.*Mr. Mark Price and Henry Pitman.* Bravo, Jacob! we'll both vote for you.*Mr. Touchstone.* Will you kindly attend the adjourned meeting of the Northern Church Defence Association, in the capacity of a Lancashire M.P.?*Mr. Bright.* What, when you three meet again! I will come to bury the association, not to praise it!*Mr. Hawcooth.* Would you accept me to run with you as a neutral candidate at next election?*Mr. Bright.* Not a bit of it. You have thrown away your influence with the Wesleyans.*Promotion by Merit.* Do you approve of the purchase of the cure of souls?*Mr. Bright.* What! has the Bishop done nothing for you yet? Shall there be no more cakes and ale at Eccles? My friend, I'll pledge myself to get you early promoted to a snug vicarage.*Captain Kirwan.* And are you going to leave us out in the cold?*Mr. Bright.* Well, I generally find that your countrymen contrive to make a hot shop of it alike for their friends and themselves. I don't know exactly what Home Rule means; but I'll tell you what I'll do. I want to give fairplay to Englishmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen all round. Let them all have equal privileges. And what is more, I think that the great bulk of all these nations ought to have more privileges than they've got.*A Catholic Parent.* Then you'd give us the English Education Act in ould Oireland?*Mr. Bright.* I think it only fair that if we are to elect our school boards to manage our education as we like here, the people of Dublin, and Cork, and Limerick, should do the same thing as they like there.*A Munster Tatterdemalion.* And what about the "Old House at Home?"*Mr. Bright.* Well, I think it would open the eyes of English and Scotch members a little, if we had an occasional summer session at College Green! I'm not a bad sailor, and nothing would delight me more than to make an occasional trip to Kingstown, and take Mrs. B. for a canter now and again in the Phoenix Park.*A Boy from Galway.* An would yez relase the poor prisoners, Mr. Bright?*Mr. Bright.* Well, I think they have had enough of it, and it is scarcely consistent with British dignity or magnanimity, to pursue punishment to the verge of vengeance. I would let them go free!*Chorus of Good Catholics, Home Rulers, and Amnesty Men, led by Samuel Watts.* Then here's your very good health, Mister Bright, in the strongest potheen, and we'll run you in on the polling day.*Mr. Bright.* Well, if my politics suit you, I shall be happy to receive your support.*Mr. Barker.* But you have forgotten the Permissive Bill!*Mr. Bright.* Not at all. When you poll two-thirds of the constituency of Manchester, Mr. Barker, you are free to shut up all the public-houses as soon as you please.*The meeting resolves itself into a Political Spelling Bee, and Mr. Maclure is floored at "Doleful Dumps," while Mr. Bright comes out the winner with*

A THUMPING MAJORITY.

PRETTY PRESENTS FOR VALENTINES AT KENNETH'S, 85, MARKET STREET, 85.



WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT Mr. Powell, as a Ritualist, entertains very strong views about turning to the yeast.

That that accounts for a parson preaching a sermon to him, on Sunday, from the text "There's barm in Gilead."

That Mr. J. W. Maclure, who is a most inveterate punster, remarked that there was deuced little barm in the Gill-he-had after the sermon.

That the parson replied, "It text two to find it out."

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That when the organist played "See the conquering hero," on Mr. Powell's appearance at the Conservative meeting, at the Free Trade Hall, the hero whispered to Mr. Maclure, "Is that a barrel organ?"

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That he doesn't mind sticking to anything, so long as he gets a seat in Parliament.

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That he startled his hearers by invoking the aid of Liberal Jews from Heaven: as it is generally supposed in Manchester that their *habitat* is at Cheat'em Hill.

MESSRS. ROYLE AND MACLURE'S LAMENT.

Both [log]. Oyez, oyez! sad is the tale
We two have now to tell;
The *Reds* have all the *yellowes* got,
And we've got F. Powell.

Thrice curs'd be that fatal day,
On which our fortunes fell;
And curs'd be that fit of blues
Which brought here F. Powell.

Oh, Fuller Francis, do come here,
And cook another sell:
Just pocket all the *reddy* cash,
And dish up F. Powell.

Mac. [log]. Oh, would I were a humble bee!
And could some honey spell:
To Jericho I'd quickly send
That "wandering Jew," Powell.

Royle [log]. Oh, would that I had *quantum suff*!
You shouldn't do the swell;
Myself would be the *Bright blue* pill
To clear out F. Powell.

Mac. [log]. Oh, would I were a nabob now,
I'd leave the narrow cell;

Royle [log]. You'd better stay just where you are,
'Tis I or F. Powell.

Mac. [log]. Ah, Peter! you are not "*The Rock*"
On which our Church must *dwell*;
It wants a good *broad* man like me,
Not you, nor F. Powell.

Royle [log]. Bah! Mac: you've got your liver wrong;
Just take some calomel,
And *orange whine* would mend the tone
Of that *F sharp* Powell.

Both [log]. Well, well, we "*baith* mann bide a wee,"
And save some d. s. £;
Then hand in hand we both will stand
Against F. S. Powell.

For twenty *bob* the ringers will
Like *blazes* ring his knell;
We'll have a feed at Manley Hall,
And soon forget Powell.

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Protestant Parishioner. Are you a Ritualist?*Mr. Powell.* No. Don't you see that Mr. W. H. Houldsworth, whom you turned out of the churchwardenship at the Cathedral, is supporting me?*Protestant Parishioner.* But the *Rock* says you are, and that the word "Protestant" would choke you off at a spelling bee.*Mr. Powell.* Ah! I have taken lessons from Maclure since then; and you may believe me that the statement of the *Rock* is based upon sand.*An Ulster Orangeman.* Now thin, misthur, an' I belave there's a Dale o' truth in it all the same, but we'll work for you like slaves.*A Catholic Elector.* Will you vote for the extension of the English Education Act to ould Oireland?*Mr. Powell.* Well, you see there are differences. It would be all very fine for you, no doubt, in Dublin, to be having twelve Catholics and only three Protestants on the School Board—*Catholic Elector.* But that is what you have here in Manchester—twelve Protestants and only three Catholics.*Mr. Powell.* Well, that's an entirely different question.*An Irish Protestant.* Will you give us household suffrage, as in England?*Mr. Powell.* I will not. The fact is we have not yet educated our party in Ireland up to that standard.*A Galway Election Petitioner.* Do you approve of Lord O'Hagan's jury system?*Mr. Powell.* I scarcely do. You see, when you have got the finest pisanthry on the jury, they always go against the Crown, and in favour of the bishops and priests. Lord O'Hagan's bill was a Liberal dodge.*A Home Ruler.* Will you grant an amnesty to the political prisoners?*Mr. Powell.* Not at all. I will see you all condemned first.*Temperance Advocate.* Are you in favour of Sunday closing of public-houses?*Mr. Powell.* In Ireland? Certainly.*Temperance Advocate.* And in England?*Mr. Powell.* By no means. That may be good enough for sour Presbyterian Scotchmen and bigoted Irish Catholics, but for the manly and free and independent members of the Church of England the public-house is as indispensable as the church. No sight is more lovely in my eyes than that of a neatly-dressed Sunday scholar calling on her way to school at the nearest public-house with the jug her loving father has emptied of beer before he has begun to larrup her mother or sink to his well-earned repose upon the family sofa. May the blessing of—*Rev. Jim Crow East.* Oh! that's enough. We'll vote for you to a man.*A Loyal Irishman.* Are you in favour of Home Rule for Ireland?*Mr. Powell.* I am not. You don't suppose that the Irish are fit to govern themselves!*Chorus of Home Rulers and Amnesty Men.* Then we will vote for you!*A Stretford Lodger.* Would you extend the household franchise to the counties?*Mr. Powell.* I would not. If you are permitted to squat on the land, that is good enough for you, and the county families will attend to your political interests. Besides, the only people in the counties who haven't got votes are benighted agricultural labourers and poor Wesleyans, who are not yet educated up to Toryism.*A Wesleyan Methodist.* Do you favour the doctrine of repudiation?*Mr. Powell.* Well, if the election goes against me, and Wesleyans have not acted according to my expectations, why should I keep my promises to them? especially if they are my own townspeople at Wigan—an ungrateful lot.*Messrs. Hawerth & Co. [going off dancing.]* Then we will vote for you!*An Elector of St. John's Ward.* Will you go for cheap beef and plenty of it?*Mr. Powell.* Not likely; that would cheapen the rents of my green fields.*Mr. Maclure.* Do you think you will go by Parliamentary train to St. Stephen's?*Mr. Powell [aside].* Well, privately, I took the precaution to purchase a monthly return ticket to Bradford.*Chorus of Electors.* Then we shall send you there!*[The political Autolyceus departs singing "Your sad tires in a mile-a."]*

MR. BRIGHT.

Mr. Charley, M.P. Will you vote for women's suffrage?*Mr. Bright.* If household suffrage is the basis of the franchise, I would give the franchise to all householders.*Mr. Charley.* Are you then in favour of women sitting in Parliament?*Mr. Bright.* Well, no; though upon my word I don't think they would do more harm in St. Stephen's than some old women who are there already.*Mr. Charley.* Come, now, don't be personal. Both of us, you know, owe a good deal to the ladies.*Clergyman of the Church of England.* Would you vote for the repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts?*Mr. Bright.* I would.*Clergyman.* Don't you think that is a "crotchet?"*Mr. Bright.* Yes; it is one which I share with the Bishop of Lichfield.*A New Cross Elector.* Would you go in for a redistribution of seats.*Mr. Bright.* Yes; I think Manchester is entitled, by virtue of its population and intelligence, to send a dozen members to Parliament, and New Cross should send two.*A Man from St. Michael's.* And what about us?*Mr. Bright.* Well, ditto to New Cross.*24,000 Excited Electors.* Then we shan't vote for you, because we'd have to send Councillor Brown to Parliament.*A Wild Orangeman.* Would you disestablish the Church?*Mr. Bright.* I am in no hurry about that. I will leave you and the Ritualists to fight it out, with Mr. Powell as an impartial arbitrator.*A Ritualist.* And would you bury us with Dissenters and Roman Catholics?*Mr. Bright.* Certainly not. They are of a different flesh and blood.*I shall endeavour to secure for you a select corner in Paradise!**A Vegetarian.* Could you procure us a cheap substitute for vegetable duck?*Mr. Bright.* I would, indeed, my winsome marrow! I should free the import of foreign cattle from undue restrictions, and let chops and steaks fight it out with turnips and carrots in the open market, in the hope that they would reach an amicable settlement, and agree to stew well together.*Mr. Mark Price and Henry Pitman.* Bravo, Jacob! we'll both vote for you.*Mr. Touchstone.* Will you kindly attend the adjourned meeting of the Northern Church Defence Association, in the capacity of a Lancashire M.P.?*Mr. Bright.* What, when you three meet again! I will come to bury the association, not to praise it!*Mr. Haworth.* Would you accept me to run with you as a neutral candidate at next election?*Mr. Bright.* Not a bit of it. You have thrown away your influence with the Wesleyans.*Promotion by Merit.* Do you approve of the purchase of the cure of souls?*Mr. Bright.* What! has the Bishop done nothing for you yet? Shall there be no more cakes and ale at Eccles? My friend, I'll pledge myself to get you early promoted to a snug vicarage.*Captain Kirwan.* And are you going to leave us out in the cold?*Mr. Bright.* Well, I generally find that your countrymen contrive to make a hot shop of it alike for their friends and themselves. I don't know exactly what Home Rule means; but I'll tell you what I'll do. I want to give fairplay to Englishmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen all round. Let them all have equal privileges. And what is more, I think that the great bulk of all these nations ought to have more privileges than they've got.*A Catholic Parent.* Then you'd give us the English Education Act in Ould Oireland?*Mr. Bright.* I think it only fair that if we are to elect our school boards to manage our education as we like here, the people of Dublin, and Cork, and Limerick, should do the same thing as they like there.*A Munster Tatterdemalion.* And what about the "Old House at Home?"*Mr. Bright.* Well, I think it would open the eyes of English and Scotch members a little, if we had an occasional summer session at College Green! I'm not a bad sailor, and nothing would delight me more than to make an occasional trip to Kingstown, and take Mrs. B. for a canter now and again in the Phoenix Park.*A Boy from Galway.* An would yez relase the poor prisoners, Mr. Bright?*Mr. Bright.* Well, I think they have had enough of it, and it is scarcely consistent with British dignity or magnanimity, to pursue punishment to the verge of vengeance. I would let them go free!*Chorus of Good Catholics, Home Rulers, and Amnesty Men, led by Samuel Watts.* Then here's your very good health, Mister Bright, in the fithrongest potheen, and we'll run you in on the polling day.*Mr. Bright.* Well, if my politics suit you, I shall be happy to receive your support.*Mr. Barker.* But you have forgotten the Permissive Bill!*Mr. Bright.* Not at all. When you poll two-thirds of the constituency of Manchester, Mr. Barker, you are free to shut up all the public-houses as soon as you please.*The meeting resolves itself into a Political Spelling Bee, and Mr. Maclure is floored at "Doleful Dumps," while Mr. Bright comes out the winner with*

A THUMPING MAJORITY.

PRETTY PRESENTS FOR VALENTINES AT KENNETH'S, 85, MARKET STREET, 85.

WAS MOSES A LIBERAL?

ALDERMAN HOPKINSON has made a most important discovery, and one which must at once influence the Jewish vote of Manchester in the present election. The other evening he startled a meeting by declaring that the Liberals had always been the party of progress "ever since the time when Moses thundered at the gates of Pharaoh." We don't exactly remember the occasion when Moses usurped the functions of Jove, but no doubt, if he ever did, Pharaoh would unquestionably bolt. However, we don't question for a moment that Moses was a Liberal, but we think that Alderman Hopkinson hasn't altogether been just to Aaron. It is a well-known fact that Aaron was the first man who held up his hands during any great recorded contest, and was, to all intents and purposes, the founder of the ancient system of show of hands at nominations. But for Aaron the Jews unquestionably would never have been in Parliament; and but for the Jews being in Parliament, Mr. Disraeli, who is now one of the party of progress (isn't he, Alderman Hopkinson?) would never have been permitted to thunder at the doors of the House of Commons to get his friend Aronsberg smuggled behind the Speaker's chair to hear the Queen's Speech read.

A WALK IN THE COUNTRY.

[BY A NOVICE.]

I LIKE to see the young of sheep,
In February skipping;
Though clouds may frown, and skies may weep,
And twigs are bare and dripping.
With this intent
I lately went
To take this walk
Of which I talk.

I wish I hadn't done it now,
For now I'm always sneezing,
I've caught a dreadful cold, I vow,
While thus my fancy pleasing.
I call those lambs
Enticing shams
Which skip the while
While I revile.

I don't know what possesses me
To be so fond of going
Abroad, when it is sure to be
A pelting shower or snowing.
But this I know,
Henceforth I'll go
No more to see
Lambs on the spree.

The lambs, henceforth, for me, may play
Unto their hearts' contentment,
But from their games away I'll stay,
And thus avoid repentment.
The moral song
Was not too strong
In making "lambs"
To rhyme with "dams."

OLD AUTHORS UNDER NEW LIGHTS.

[BY OUR OWN CRITIC.]

"THE TALISMAN:" A NOVEL BY WALTER SCOTT.

HISTORICAL romances may usually be classed among the feeblest and washiest of literary efforts, and the work under notice is a case in point. The author has chosen for his theme the latter part of the history of the Crusades, a period round which historians have already thrown such a mantle of myth and misrepresentation that the novelist, in his wildest flights of exaggeration, can hardly do more to mystify the reader than has been done already. With this praiseworthy end in view, however, our author affects to follow what he accepts as facts as closely as possible; and, indeed, there is hardly an incident in the book which may not be found in some shape or form in the chronicles of the day. Finding his incidents distorted to his hand, and certainly of a sufficiently

extraordinary nature, Sir Walter Scott weaves for us a story about the fortunes of Richard Cœur de Lion, William, Prince of Scotland, Saladin, and the persons engaged in the Crusade generally. A dog of preternatural sagacity figures prominently in the plot, and is made to perform feats of memory and intelligence which could scarcely be performed by the wisest men on earth, among whom this author is certainly not entitled to rank, in virtue of the present performance. The terms in which the various exploits and occurrences are set forth are, we must suppose, those best befitted for setting forth deeds of chivalry, but they are usually such as are to be found in free use in the penny publications which adorn the shop-windows in dubious neighbourhoods. For instance, one might fancy the following to be taken from an illustrated story taken from a penny weekly, bought at a book-shop in Strangeways, or elsewhere. Edith Plantagenet thus addresses her lover, who is in disguise:—

"I see—I know I have guessed right. I marked you from your first appearance near the platform on which I stood with the Queen. I knew, too, your valiant hound. She is no true lady, and is unworthy of the service of such a knight as thou art, from whom disguises of dress or hue could conceal a faithful servant. Speak, then, without fear, to Edith Plantagenet. She knows how to grace in adversity the good knight who served, honoured, and did deeds of arms in her name, when fortune befriended him. Still silent! Is it fear or shame that keeps thee so? Fear should be unknown to thee; and for shame, let it remain with those who have wronged thee. Thou may'st scorn me, perhaps, for thus boldly acknowledging that I have heedfully observed the homage thou hast paid me? Hold no unworthy thoughts of Edith on that account. She knows well the bounds which reserve and modesty prescribe to high-born maidens, and she knows when and how far they should give place to gratitude—to a sincere desire that it were in her power to repay services and repair injuries, arising from the devotion which a good knight bore towards her. Why fold thy hands together, and wring them with so much passion?" And so on, the knight being all the time silent, for reasons for which we must refer the reader to the book itself. There are many dozens of pages of stuff like this in this novel, uttered by men and women, as the case may be. Here is another extract: "'Who has dared,' said the king, laying his hands upon the Austrian standard, and speaking in a voice like the sound that precedes an earthquake, 'who has dared to place this paltry rag beside the banner of England?'" This reminds one somewhat of the sentiments which never fail to bring down the house at a penny gaff. Richard is alternately represented as a bully and a fool, and he is now and then a very perfect snob. He is of immense strength; for though weak from a severe illness, he cuts through a large bar of iron with his sword out of bravado. The Arabs, who encounter the Crusaders, are surrounded with the gentlemanly halo usually thrown by romancers over savages—and the whole blood-thirsty crusading business is made to assume the aspect of a courteous parlour game. We should recommend Walter Scott to let historical romances alone for the future.

DREADFUL ATTEMPT TO BOTTLE MR. JACOB BRIGHT.

THE following document has been sent to us by a well-known Conservative, with the request that we should publish it. We are bound to say that we place not the slightest belief in the truth of the statements which it contains:—

[COPY.]

Hush! the very flagstones might rise in protest against the blackness of the deed. There they are, the two arch-conspirators! Conservatives to the backbone. Oh, at what fearful cost have they persuaded the engine-driver and stoker to vacate their place on the engine, and to leave the tremendous machine for good or evil in their hands! The train is not to stop before it reaches Alderley, but by that time, oh, horror! what may happen? And the victim rides peacefully in a first-class carriage reading his opponent's speech. Hush, disturb him not!

"I say, Powell, put on more steam, I can see Alderley in the distance, and there's a train on the line." "All right, J. W. M., we're now going at full speed, and when I say 'now,' jump for your life, and then, and then." "Hang it, Powell, put on more steam, or we'll be at a stand-still!" "Have got on every inch of canvas, I mean to say, every inch of steam, and yet I could walk faster than this lazy brute! I'm blessed if we haven't come to a stand-still!"

Mr. Powell had forgot to put coals on the fire, and the steam was exhausted.

LESSONS IN NATURAL OBJECTS.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

TO all as the right of discussion is free,
I'm clearly not out of my right,
If I state the ideas occurring to me,
In a manner original quite.
And here I will pause, my conviction to state,
That the lesson deduced from a bee,
Although the deducer be ever so great,
Will not with my notions agree.

Dr. Watts, I believe—though I am not aware
Of what he was doctor—has drawn—
The thing doesn't matter, his works are now rare,
Though they made us in childhood to yawn.—
Dr. Watts, I was just on the point to observe—
Triumphantly points to the bee,
Which never from business or duty will swerve,
"Why don't you do like it?" says he.

"How doth this industrious insect (though small)"—
The doctor's now speaking—"employ
Each hour that is shining? in what you may call
An industrious manner, my boy.
It has been poking its nose into flowers,
And storing the honey it finds;
So let's make the most of the time that is ours,
And be always improving our minds."

The bee, it is true, has no mind to improve,
Or such is the usual belief;
This obstacle first from the path we'll remove,
Or else we shall come to sad grief,
'Twere better, however, on second advice,
To abstain from so useless a task,
On questions like these we should never be nice,
Pray, what does it matter? I ask.

If bees have no minds, human beings don't buzz,
Which balances nicely the thing;
The creature is quite unaware what it does,
In buzzing and using its sting.
It doesn't know what all that honey is for,
That nature impels it to make;
It doesn't know why it is getting it, or
The reason it toils for its sake.

Moreover the bee—that we may not be lax—
And in order to nothing omit—
Is quite unaware, when it's making the wax,
Of its reasons for furnishing it.
With regard to the wax—though I must not digress—
My self I'm as wise as the bee,
Although 'tis a curious thing to confess,
Still I cannot well keep it, you see.

Some cells made of clay would have done just as well,
To contain all the food of the bees;
But bees are dumb creatures, and so they can't tell
Why they didn't first store it in these.

At any rate, all of us know that they use
A much more elaborate plan;
To list to the tale I will always refuse,
That they store up provisions for man.

And now for the lesson, which I have delayed,
It is possible, rather too long;
The rhyme will have wearied you, I am afraid,
Although let us hope I am wrong.

You are eager, I notice, the lesson to reach,
I can tell by the length of your face—
The man that proposes a lesson to teach,
Should match his remarks to his space.

ELECTION STATISTICS.

TO LIBERAL ELECTORS.

Who have cost the nation
£50,000,000 of expenditure? THE
TORY PARTY!

LIBERALS, READ THESE FIGURES!

Clear surplus when the Liberals
left office, £5,000,000.

Tape and sealing wax, £1,000,000.

Army and navy, £2,000,000.

Alabama claims, £5,000,000.

Other claims, £720,000,000.

Income tax, £85,000,000.

Dogs, cats, &c., for Royal House-
hold, £2,500,000.

Salaries, &c. (including bribes to
Jackdaw), £20,000,000.

DEFICIT FOR THE NEXT LIBERAL
GOVERNMENT, £5,000,000.

CONSERVATIVES, READ THIS.

DON'T LISTEN TO RADICAL MIS-
REPRESENTATION.

Deficit left by the Liberals,
£5,000,000.

Tape and sealing wax, £1. 6s. 7½d.

Household expenses, £0. 0s. 4½d.

Saved in other ways, £4,000,000.

Salaries, &c. (including subsidy to
Manchester Courier), £1. 4s. 9½d.

Orton and Kenealy, £5,200,000.

Prince of Wales in India,
£4,000,000.

Present to Manchester philan-
thropist, £0. 0s. 3d.

CONSERVATIVES, BE NOT DE-
CEIVED. READ THIS.

SHOWING A CLEAR SAVING TO THE
COUNTRY OF £70,000,000.

IRISH ORANGEMEN AND CONSERVATIVE CATHOLICS.

SCENE.—The Central Committee-room, Albert Square. Mr. POWELL,
Mr. BIRLEY, and Mr. MACLURE conversing.

Mr. Maclure. Do, for goodness' sake, keep yourself cool. Why, my dear sir, I've seen other people swallow their words scores of times, without flinching.

Mr. Powell. It's not so much swallowing my words, but being con-
victed for it afterwards.

Mr. Birley. Oh! never mind in election times, it will never be found
out. Here comes the deputation.

Enter Mr. TEARE and Orangemen.

Mr. Teare. By Boyne Water, my boys, and here's good day to you! Be jabbers! and we're just come to see whether you're a good Protestant or not; and as we don't want our questions to get into print, we've been and written them, so that, if yer honour plases, you needn't answer any but those you like, at all, at all. I'm not an Irishman, but some of my friends are.

Mr. Powell. Well, you're all fine broths of boys, divil a one can deny it. As to my being a Protestant, why, who doubts it? I hate Romanism; bless me, I'd go to the end of the world to show my abhorrence of it.

[Voice from without: "Here's Dan Lee and the Papist deputation."]

Orangemen. Horroo! By William's immortal minory, let's be at 'em.

Mr. Maclure. Now, look you here, Teare, just keep your temper, and let's see if we can't get any fun out of the Irish Catholics. If you do, Powell will do whatever you ask, and I'll see that you are well p—

Mr. Teare. Oh! never mention it.

Enter Irish Catholic deputation.

Mr. Powell. Ah, my dear friends, this is an honour. I'll do whatever you ask; indeed, there's no necessity to ask questions at all. Horroo for ould Ireland!

Mr. Dan Lee [to his Catholic friends]. I told you he'd do it.

Mr. Powell. Well, now that we've got upon such good terms, let me introduce you to Mr. Teare and his Orange friends.

[Irish War Dance.]

Mr. Maclure. Horroo! Let them fight it out; like the Kilkenny cats, they'll fight until there's nothing left of 'em. Go it, ye divils, remember "Boyne Water;" remember "The night Larry was stretched." Here's your jolly good healths. "The Pope," bless 'im. "The Queen, and confusion to her enemies." Go it, boys, go it. Who'll trid on the tail of my coat.

[General fight.]

N.B. Nothing has been heard of either deputations since, but several broken heads and shillelahs have been picked up by the police in the neighbourhood of Albert Square.

THE REV. W. STANYER HAS ANOTHER BABY.

LAST year, in another place, we gave the public an opportunity of peeping into the private life of a frozen-out parson—whose name shall be at present a secret. The other evening the Rev. W. Stanyer was on the platform of the Free Trade Hall, in a galvanized condition, when Mr. F. S. Powell addressed the great united Conservative party of Manchester. The extraordinary part of the affair was, that the Divine William was not allowed to take part in the proceedings. Afterwards he was heard in Cross Street, soliloquising as follows:—

I say, Bill, old fellow, they're not going to sit upon you in this way. Frozen-out parson or not, you've wielded the destinies of the Conservative party? Never heard of the Education Union? Haven't they; perhaps they never heard of its subscriptions or its super-annuations? Never mind, that's their ignorance. I say, Bill, old chap, you're a splendid fellow; got anything else in your nut just now? I believe you, my boy. Well, keep it a secret, Bill; and, we know what we know, don't we, Bill? Living at Southport, at a thousand a year, under the patronage of the nobility and aristocracy, is worth fifty curacies, to say nothing of having to preach no sermons. But I say, old chap; couldn't you do something in the way of publications, to show you've still got your hand in? Ah, Bill; I thought you'd do it. Upon my word, Bill, you're a splendid fellow; now it's not a bit of use, Bill, to shake your head, for you know you are! I say, Bill, my boy, keep your eye on your father? Jacob's catechism is the thing. Hurrah for the Church; disestablishment for ever; I looks towards you. Copies of Jacob's Catechism can be had at the Bazley Arms.

THE OLD FOGIE IN AUSTRALIA.

I AM going just to tell you
How I lived in far Australia,
Lived in lodgings in the bush land,
Lodgings where, as other lodgers,
Were the "Hypochondriac" and
That eccentric man the "Novice,"
And the "Lover of Nature" also,
For we had been chums together
Long before we ever thought of
Writing for the *City Jackdaw*,
Which was not then in existence,
In a hut, made by our own hands,
Made of logs and thatched with shingle,
Shaded by the *eucalyptus*,
Or, in other words, the gum tree,
We conversed on men and manners;
And the friendship we contracted,
Underneath the gum tree's shadow,
Still remains, and shall continue
Till the grave, which ends all friendships,
One by one shall close upon us.

I have mentioned these companions,
Just in order that you might not
Doubt the stories that I tell you,
Which assuredly are strange ones;
And in proof of this our friendship,
And the poverty we lived in.
I will give you as an instance,
That we had one hat between us
Only one, and that a bad one,
And we used by turns to wear it,
And were glad that we had got it.

If you wonder why we went there,
Of the object of our visit,
I will tell you, that we started
With a view to make our fortune,
Which I needn't say we didn't;
And experience has taught me
That the way to make a fortune
Doesn't lie in that direction,
And the others will confirm me,
Of whose presence I have spoken,
As a mere corroboration
Of the fact that I have been there.

As a further proof that fortune
Was not friendly to my efforts,
I may say that if it had been
I should probably have never
Given up my time to writing
Those effusions which have met with
Such a very warm reception;
I should rather have retired to
Some romantic situation,
And enjoyed myself in quiet,
With the mutton bone, in lodgings,
Where no boy should call for copy.
Now he's waiting, so I will not
Keep him waiting any longer.
But next week I may enlarge on
My adventures in Australia.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

[BY OUR OWN SPECIAL.]

STRAND, 11 A.M.

Nothing stirring much. Saw a policeman. Heard two men talking excitedly.

WHITEHALL, 12 30 P.M.

The streets are beginning to assume an aspect. They have laid aside their every-day garb. The public-houses are hoisting flags. Thirsty multitudes parade the flags outside, and regard those banners with enthusiasm.

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, 1 30 P.M.

The scene is now becoming excessively interesting. I have observed several members of Parliament; one of them shook hands with somebody. This is, indeed, a great day we are having. What with the grandeur of the spectacle and abstinence from solid food, I begin to feel quite bewildered.

BY TELEGRAPH, 1 55 P.M.

Oh, for a gleam of sunshine to illumine the depths of darkness which dulls the beautiful gleaming colours which I observe on all hands! I am surrounded by a phalanx of fair women—a galaxy of beauty and adornment. Yellow, blue, and red ribbons vie with each other in setting off the beauties of the wearers, and adding new and artistic attractions to the features of the fair ones. Oh, for a glance of light! Somebody turns on the gas in the absence of sunshine, and the whole beautiful spectacle is revealed in its full grandeur. The dazzling Royal robes are cast upon the throne. I can no more—oh, for a —! [*Goes out to get a drink.*]

Mr. W. E. Stutter has offered to write a letter to the Electors for the Bishop of Manchester, if his lordship's health does not improve.

A correspondent of the *Examiner* said "Mr. Stutter's head was cracked" some eight years ago.

Mr. W. E. says he always writes Mr. Daniel Lee's political letters.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, Market Street Chambers, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender.

We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of MSS. sent to us.

M. J.—We do not care whether you are annoyed or not. Your manuscript is lost beyond the power of any number of stamps to redeem it. See rule above, to which no exception can be made.

K. D.—The interest of the subject is now D-K'd.

J. Yescombe.—No go, we are afraid.

Where is H. ?—You had better go and see for yourself, instead of bothering us.

Ignoramus.—You are right.

Down Among the Dead Men.—We cannot permit the living to be annoyed.

S. L. Baker.—Too S. L. overly, but you might do better next time.

A Salford Man.—We hope you are not a representative specimen.

My Mania.—"There's many a slip," &c. You have made too sure.

My Hairdresser.—You seem to be like Samson—you have lost your vigour by having your hair cut—that is if you ever had any vigour.

A Voice from the Country.—We will suggest as an amended heading, "Notes by a Donkey out of Town."

R. (Tadmorlen).—Thanks; a press of local election matter prevents us. We shall be glad to hear from you again.

Manchester Liberal Alphabet.—Thanks, but hardly suitable, the matter being rather hackneyed.

RECEIVED.—Election Mottos. J. W. M. Up the Spout. A Cautious Radical.

AND THE PRAISE THEREOF SHALL BE IN EVERY MOUTH.

COPP, SON, & CO.'S PEERLESS VEGETABLE ANTISEPTIC DENTAL SCALING POWDER,

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